

A. Meldrum was elected president, Mr. Ed Klam vice president and Mr. Frank C. Jones secretary treasurer. Those officers, with the following board of directors, were elected by unanimous vote: Messrs. E. R. Richardson, G. C. Street, Abe M. Levy, H. W. Cortes, H. F. MacGregor, Abbott Cockrell and Samuel F. B. Moore. (President Meldrum removed from Houston to New York some two years ago, but his interest in Houston and the No-Ten-Oh has never waned. His cheque for membership dues and his contribution for the forthcoming carnival, accompanied by his congratulations and best wishes, were received a few days ago.)

The first directors' meeting was held three days after the organization was effected, October 23, at which a committee was appointed to select a suitable name for the organization and to prepare a charter and by-laws. The plans of the directors matured rapidly and on October 31 a general meeting was held, presided over by President Meldrum, and the report of the committee on charter and by-laws was adopted. As before stated, this report included an appropriate name for the organization, No-Ten-Oh, Houston spelled backwards; Nottoc, cotton, king of crops; Tekram, market, his realm. The directors were delighted with the suggestion, "No-Ten-Oh," etc., and from that moment the names became popular.

Committees appointed to solicit membership were remarkably successful and the treasury filled up in a manner to delight the promoters. Under the charter any gentleman of good character over the age of 19 years was eligible for membership upon application made to the board of directors, recommended by two members, and accompanied by a fee of \$10. The funds of the organization have always been raised by public subscription and from membership dues.

THE FIRST PARADE.

The first parade was held on December 14, 1900, followed by a grand ball December 15 at Market hall. Judge A. C. Allen was the unanimous choice of the directory for the office of king and he accepted the scepter of authority as King Nottoc the First. He chose for his queen Miss Anna Quintan, daughter of the late Captain Quintan of the Central railroad. Officers of the first parade were as follows: Grand marshal, Mr. H. W. Cortes, float captain, Messrs. E. R. Richardson, Cliff, Grunwaldt, G. J. Palmer, John Hirsch, Vernon Angie, Max Steubenrauch, Frank C. Jones, C. H. Powell, A. T. Fuller, L. Kaiser, A. W. Polard, W. S. Hunt, Robert Rosenblatt, Samuel McNeill, C. A. Williams, J. J. Settegast, Jr., and Eric Schmidt.

At a general meeting held August 13, 1900, new officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. H. F. MacGregor; vice president, Mr. Ed Klam; secretary treasurer, Mr. W. W. Thomas; directors, Messrs. Abbott Cockrell, Abe M. Levy, H. F. MacGregor, H. W. Cortes, Spencer Hutchins, James H. Adair, G. J. Palmer.

The second parade took place and Carnival week opened Tuesday afternoon, December 11, 1900, with a grand ball at Turner hall Wednesday evening, December 12. As stated elsewhere, Hon. John H. Kirby was King Nottoc the Second and Miss Julia Mae Moore his queen.

At a general meeting held June 5, 1901, the following officers were elected: Mr. James H. Adair, president; Mr. G. J. Palmer, vice president; Mr. G. J. Palmer, secretary treasurer; directors: Messrs. H. F. MacGregor, Samuel McNeill, George L. Glass, H. W. Cortes, John McNeill, H. C. Mosheart and Jules Hirsch. The parade was held December 10, followed by the grand ball the next evening at the Auditorium. Mr. D. Call of Beaumont was King Nottoc the Third and Miss Augusta Goodhue of Beaumont his queen.

The last general meeting was held on Friday, January 10, 1902, at which Mr. John McNeill was elected president; Mr. H. T. Keller, vice president; and Mr. J. H. Lieberman, secretary treasurer. Directors: Messrs. Charles F. Parker, G. A. Mistrout, Spencer Hutchins, W. R. Morrow, Hyman Levy, C. H. Taylor and G. P. Brown.

THE COMING BALL.

The invitations have been completed and lists are being prepared for the mails. Many invitations will go to Europe and several thousand will be judiciously distributed throughout the United States. The invitation card is a triumph of the printer's art. It is made of three separate pieces of embossed cardboard, royal purple and gold colors predominating. On the cover is represented King Nottoc the Fourth receiving his queen with a gracious smile and the bow of a Sir Walter Raleigh. The queen, in the act of descending the staircase from the ball room, is smiling graciously upon her huge lord. She is attired in flowing crimson robes and golden butterfly wings, the whole being an imitation of a state costume of the Elizabethan period. On the inside of the cover is the invitation or command of the king to appear as a guest at the grand Carnival ball. It is signed by the king himself in a bold flourish, and attested by Sam, the lord chamberlain, secretary and grand vizier. On the reverse side of the king's invitation is the picture of a beautiful girl, her mask thrown aside, a smile of supreme contentment on her countenance and her chin resting languidly on her fan. Orange blossoms and holly entwined the picture.

AUTOMOBILE PARADE.

Elaborate preparations have been made for the automobile parade, under the direction of Mrs. Lillian M. Adams as chairman. This extremely modern feature has been substituted for the old-fashioned flower parade and under the artistic touch of Mrs. Adams and other Houston ladies all of the beauty of the power festivals of the past has been retained and many novelties have been added. The automobile parade will be separate and apart from the first Carnival parade. Scores of auto, of every size and description, will be in line, coming from all parts of the state, and substantial cash prizes will be given for the most artistic display as follows: \$100 for the first, \$75 for the second, \$50 for the third and \$25 for the fourth best. It is aimed without fear of contradiction that this will be the most unique parade and the greatest automobile show ever seen in the United States. Many persons will come from far distant points to witness this one particular feature.

The "GENERAL DELIVERY" WINDOW a RENDEZVOUS for QUEER TYPES.

The Humorous and the
Pathetic Go Hand
in Hand at This
Place.

This graphic description of the shifting scenes at the "general delivery" window of the postoffice in Atlanta, written by Katherine Glover in the Journal, with a few changes in names, would accurately describe the postoffice incidents in any city. There is no class nor kind that isn't represented in the steady stream of people that pours in and out of a postoffice every hour of the day. When the fat, well-fed old man of the village postoffice sits place to the unresponsive registers of the pretentious city structure, some of the pretentiousness and sociability of the place are gone forever. But what the city postoffice loses as a gathering place of gossip and social chat it gains in business and business in the multitude of types that displace the few old picturesque wisacres that recount their experiences in an atmosphere of encouragement and tobacco juice about the village postoffice store.

In the days of Mariettaville the postoffice may have been more picturesque than Atlanta's, but it hardly harbored the same number of interesting things as Marietta daily in the big mail depot on Marietta street.

Step in there some day when you are not expecting a letter of importance and watch that throng of people. It's an awfully funny sight. But if you are expecting that letter you won't think so; you'll be so self-absorbed that you will only be another type yourself, in which case you will be interesting instead of interested, which isn't nearly as much fun.

Drop in one day when you are in a receptive mood, that sort of mood when you feel as if you had the laugh on humanity, and you'll ever know in that temporary frame of mind when all this "business" men are dashing after seems very trivial and detached, when you think that if the man with deep furrows on his forehead could but stop and see the weighty matter under consideration in its true light he would double up with laughter! It's a quickly passing mood. Perhaps it is well that it is.

NEW USE FOR POSTMASTER'S ROOM.
The postmaster, closed in by doors of imposing thickness, is usually free from the ruthless tide of humanity that rushes in upon the man or woman sitting behind his unprotected, clerk's window. But now and then even these guarded precincts are invaded. The other day a timid knock sounded on the door, in answer to which an attractive looking woman entered accompanied by a man.

"May I use your office a minute?" she asked Mr. Blodgett in a somewhat embarrassed manner.

"Certainly," answered the postmaster. "What do you wish?"

"Well, I wish to pay this gentleman some money."

"Yes," answered the postmaster, "but couldn't you do it just as well in the hall?"

"No," and the woman's embarrassment was perceptible. "You see, you will have to go out, and you, too," turning to the man with her.

"But I'm busy," protested Mr. Blodgett. "Well, could I retire to a corner?"

Then a smile of comprehension dawned on the postmaster's face. "There is a private office adjoining this; you might go in there," he suggested, and the woman gladly accepted.

In a moment she returned, flushed and still a little embarrassed, but bearing the money in her hand. "You see I fear so much these days about women's money being snatched, I think one can not take too many precautions."

GENERAL DELIVERY TYPES.
It is at the "general delivery" window, the dumping place of the mail service, that the common herd, the interesting folk, are found. There gather daily a myriad of different types, chiefly the driftwoods of humanity's stream. It is the two clerks at this window that get the benefit of the curious specimens that are attracted by the "general delivery" sign—those clerks implacable as long as their faces show before the window, but who, punch-and-putty-like, often retreat behind the pigeon holes for a good chuckle. These clerks between themselves have divided the clerks at their windows into four classes, the business man, the commercial traveler, the man that lives out of the city limits, and the homeless "bum." But these classes are capable of infinite subdivision and they don't include the women, perhaps because it isn't possible to classify them.

Every day brings some of the same callers to the general delivery window as surely as the day brings the hours, some that have been coming for years with never a single letter to reward their efforts. There are hundreds looking for that "letter that never came." There's an old dorky that comes bright and early every morning with his usual inquiry, "Any mail for me?" When any of the clerks speak of the old man they touch their hands to their foreheads significantly. But the old dorky who wears a faded veteran's coat always has a smile on his face, which I have never heard to be a sign of insanity—that is, he has a smile unless there is no mail for him. When he first began coming he was always met with the same reply, the answer that means the silencing of so many hopes when it comes from the clerks at the general delivery window, "Nothing for you," but since the clerks have learned that a paper from the waste basket completely satisfies him he is gravely hunched an old paper every morning to answer to his call. And the happy smile that beams on his old weather-beaten face is reward enough for the clerks' little ruse.

A BOY'S PRANK.
"Any mail for J. L. B.—?" and a round, boyish face, just visible above the window, is seen by the clerk. The small boy wearing a large air of importance is a frequent caller at the window. He is up to some prank or he just thinks it smart and growled to call for mail, or it may be that he has a "girl," and with a very young shame in a love affair, may have his letters directed to the "general delivery."

ery." Whatever the object of the youngsters, the clerk is always quietly amused at their coming, for without fail they are turned away with the same stereotyped reply, "Nothing for you."

Following on the heels of the small boy is a country bumpkin bedecked in a green and white checkered vest, a red and black tie, vivid pink cuffs, with a toothpick hanging jauntily from his mouth. He's as verdant as the fields. There is one letter for him and he is so pleased. He backs away from the window regardless of two behind him, completely absorbed in contemplation of the outside of his letter, turning it over and over. And the last to be seen of him he is still grinning over the address of that letter. Maybe the outside will please him better than the inside, for it might be a call back to the place away from all the new-found joys of the city.

The next caller is a woman, very much befuddled, very nervous, and very miming in her tones. She gives her name under pretense of much embarrassment, "Miss Sylvia Smith," or something of the kind. Yes, there is a letter for her, in a man's handwriting. She is greatly delighted and the last one seen of her as she stops to read her missive she is smiling broadly, looking conscious and trying hard to blush.

A very small boy is the next caller. His eyes are peeped on the ledge and his fingers are beating time before the clerk observes him. "Is this General Lee's office?" pipes his voice.

"General Lee's office? Well I guess not," answered the man behind the window.

"Well, the boss told me to come to General Lee's office at the postoffice and see if there's anything for him. I'm a new boy and I don't know where he is."

"Well, I guess you caught the name on the fly, youngster, this is the general delivery window. What's your boss' name?" asks the clerk.

"Captain M—," I thought he said General Lee's office. Got anything for him?"

With arms beating with papers and letters, the new office boy goes away whistling.

THE DISAPPOINTED CALLER.
"Boss, you got a letter for Hezekiah Jones this morning?" It's a dilapidated dorky next to the window.

"Not a thing," is the answer.

"Saw letter, boss; you shot?" in a tone somewhat doubtful.

"Not a thing," repeats the clerk.

"Humph, been up here every day for six months and ain't never got a letter from home, yet. I decia' for goodness, dem chilems mus' a forgotten all 'bout dey old dad. Well, good mornin' boss, see yer tomorrow," and the old dorky hobbled off, scratching his woolly head in perplexity.

A freshly dressed man is the next. "Any letters for Nathaniel G—," or has my mail been sent to the opera house?" He twirls an imaginary mustache while he waits for an answer, the diamond flashing on the fingers of the white.

"One of the minstrel men," comments the clerk when the customer has left. The mail for actors and actresses is usually sent straight to the opera house, but occasionally a player drops by the general delivery to make sure.

Following the minstrel man is unmistakably a "homeless bum," as the clerks term this class. He is disheveled and dirty with the signs of nights out of doors on his clothes. Most of these roustabouts call at the general delivery window because they are at a loss for ways to fill up their time. They often come twice a day to ask for mail, perfectly sure in advance that there's nothing for them. But as you take a second look at this one now at the window there is something in his face that isn't had and in his eyes as he awaits the clerk's answer is a look of desperate hunger.

as if he is hoping for a letter from what might once have been "home" to him. He turns away slowly from the "nothing for you," his whole figure drooping with disappointment. Poor fellow, he has been every day for three weeks to meet the same answer! There are dozens of these hungry looking men and occasionally a woman that call every day at the window to meet the same dull reply. Forlorn creatures, what might not a letter mean to many of them some day when they call at this window?

It's a well dressed young fellow that next calls for mail, giving a high sounding name and he smiles broadly when he is handed quite a bunch of mail.

"Fleeting names," comments the clerk, "up to some trick, probably put an 'ad' in yesterday's paper!"

The smart young man fairly chuckles to himself as he opens the first accented blue envelope on his way out.

A young girl, shabbily but neatly dressed, is the next caller. She speaks in a very low voice as if much afraid of being overheard. The clerk has to ask twice before he understands the name. Yes, there is something for her, a large fat envelope with a publisher's name in the corner, unmistakably a rejected manuscript. The girl's disappointment is pitiable. A hasty dive for her pocketbook to get the 2 cents due on the envelope alone saves the telltale tears from being seen.

THE "FUSSY" MAN.
"Got anything for me?" inquired a man's voice.

"What's the name?" asked the clerk.

"For heaven's sake, how often does a man have to come here before you learn his name, any way. My name is George T. L—." Clearly a "fussy" man. He drums on the ledge and frowns while the clerk looks through the pigeon holes.

"Nothing for you, sir."

"Well, there ought to be a letter here for me!" this with a stress on the ought that seems to implicate the clerk. "A letter ought to have come for me on that Central train."

"The Central in two hours late. Kindly step aside, sir, and let that man behind you come," rejoins the clerk.

The last heard of the "fussy" man he is muttering: "Of course, the Central is always late when I'm expecting a letter."

So they come all day long, a never-ending string of people, the well dressed and the well fed, the shabby and the hungry-looking, the young and the old, the business man and the pleasure seeker, the man of earnest purpose and the chronic loafer. Each comes with a hope of some kind centered on that little window, one hope to be satisfied where a dozen go beggared. Those two clerks from that small opening see all of life's emotions constantly in play before them, the humorous and the pathetic coming hand in hand in quick contrast.

SOME OF THE CLERK'S TROUBLE.
But for all that they have the season pass to human nature's side shows, their position isn't enviable, for they are expected not only to know about the mail, but to be posted on everything else imaginable. Countrymen come to town and with true rural instinct make straight for the postoffice to find out any information they desire, always coming to the general delivery window. They ask to be directed to a cheap hotel, or they wish to know how to find "Mandy Smith," that's been living in town for high on to ten years, peeks like you oughter know where I kin find her, sir?" But the clerk doesn't know. If he had located all the lost brothers and aunts and sons that he is called on to tell about the detective agency would have to close up its record with shame. When the fair is on or any other special attraction that draws the country folk it isn't long before

the general delivery clerk finds it out from the nature of his callers. These "Roughs" are often the source of much fun as well as annoyance to their calls at the postoffice. For instance, there was the old fellow not long ago that came into the building and asking where to mail a letter was told to put it in one of the letter slots. With great promptitude and abiding faith in the United States mail service, he mailed it down the elevator shaft, where some one had to scramble after it for him. Every morning there has to be a vigorous search of nooks and crannies where letters might have been put.

There are lots of persons that as soon as they mail a letter think of something to add and rush to the clerk to fish it out for them. Then there is the smiling beaming woman that wishes her package done up so it will be sure not to break. Won't the clerk be good enough to do it for her! There are a hundred such inquiries a day to make the life of the general delivery clerk a burden. But he is a stoic; takes it all as a matter of course, and with unvarying tone answers day in and day out, "Here's your mail," or "Nothing for you," buying or killing hopes at his word.

COTTON MILL MERGER.

The Plans Are Soon to Be Accomplished in the South.

A correspondent of the Manufacturers' Record, writing from Charlotte, N. C., under date of October 28, furnishes the following particulars regarding the Fries cotton mill merger, which he pronounces on good authority to be an accomplished fact. He continues: Eighty mills have been accepted by the committee on valuation, and possibly twenty more will be taken in before the list is finally closed. This will be done at a meeting to be held in Charlotte this week.

Mr. Fries has succeeded in keeping secret the name and location of the mills that are to go into the merger, but a Charlotte millman who is believed to have placed important paying mill property in the merger says that at the Charlotte meeting the list will undoubtedly be completed and the merger finally closed, when the list of mills will be made public. It is known, however, that Mr. Fries has taken into his merger only such mills as have been running on a paying basis, and that included in his list are several of the largest and most mill properties in the State.

The committee on valuation had 140 mill properties to select from, and at the Raleigh meeting eighty mills, representing 750,000 spindles, were selected. There are other mill properties offered which the Fries people want to secure, but the valuation fixed by the owners is a little too high to suit the merger committee. The owners of these mills have been given a chance to revise their figures. Should they submit reduced figures to the Charlotte meeting, their mills will be added to the merger. This will probably be done, as it is said now that these mills are about as anxious to get into the merger as the Fries people are to have them come in. Unless reduced figures are submitted on these properties the merger will be closed as it now stands, with eighty mills. Millmen here who were for a time skeptical now say that there appears to be no doubt but that Mr. Fries has succeeded in organizing his merger.

Wherein It Failed.

Cincinnati Commercial.

"So Miss Whitebunch didn't think she wanted to get a typewriter to compose her novels on," said the manager of the factory. "Did she give any reason?"

"No; but when I asked her," replied the agent, gloomily, "she acknowledged that she couldn't see any point on the machine to wet with the end of her tongue, every other word, as she does her lead pencil."

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